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By H. G. WELLS



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# THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

By H. G. WELLS

TOWARD THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, SEVERAL NEWS PAPERS IN ENGLAND CARRIED A SMALL ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF A MASS OF FLAMING GAS, CHIEFLY HYDROGEN ORIGINATING ON THE PLANET MARS AND MOVING WITH ENORMOUS SPEED TOWARD THE EARTH.

THE NEWS ITEM, HOWEVER, WAS SO INSIGNIFICANT THAT I, AS WELL AS THE REST OF THE WORLD, IGNORED WHAT PROVED TO BE ONE OF THE GRAVEST DANGERS THAT EVER THREATENED THE HUMAN RACE.

MIGHT NOT HAVE HEARD OF THE GAS ERUPTION AT ALL, HAD I NOT KNOWN OSBLYT, AN ASTRONOMER.

I'M GLAD YOU CAME UP TONIGHT. I'D LIKE YOU TO HAVE A LOOK AT MARS.

I TOLD OSBLYT WHAT I HAD SEEN.

IT IS EXACTLY LIKE THE MASS OF GAS DESCRIBED IN THE NEWSPAPERS SOME DAYS AGO.

CLASSICS Illustrated

AS I LOOKED THROUGH THE TELESCOPE, I SAW THE LITTLE ROUND PLANET SWIMMING IN A CIRCLE OF DEEP BLUE. THEN I SAW A BRILLIANT FLASH OF GAS SHOOTING FROM MARS TOWARD THE EARTH.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

I SUSPECT THEY BOTH ARE METEORITES OF SOME SORT. THE CHANCES AGAINST THERE BEING ANYTHING MAN-LIKE ON MARS FIRM SOMETHING AT US ARE A MILLION TO ONE.

THEN CAME THE NIGHT OF THE FIRST FALLING STAR. IT WAS SEEN FLASHING EASTWARD, A LINE OF FLAME HIGH IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE NEXT MORNING, OSILVY, WHO HAD SEEN THE SHOOTING STAR, ROSE EARLY WITH THE IDEA OF FINDING IT.

HE HAD NOT WALKED FAR FROM HIS HOME WHICH, LIKE MINE, WAS NEAR LONDON, WHEN...

...AHA! THERE IS OUR FALLEN METEORITE.

WHY, THIS WAS NEITHER THE SHAPE NOR APPEARANCE OF A METEORITE!

DESPITE THE EXCESSIVE HEAT, HE CLIMBED DOWN INTO THE PIT TO SEE THE THING MORE CLEARLY.

THEN HE PERCEIVED THAT, VERY SLOWLY, THE CIRCULAR TOP OF THE CYLINDER WAS BEING UNCREWED.

GREAT SCOTT! THERE'S A MAN IN IT! HALF-ROASTED TO DEATH! TRYING TO ESCAPE!

THEN, WITH A QUICK MENTAL LEAP, HE LINKED THE CYLINDER WITH THE FLASH FROM MARS.

I MUST RUN TO TOWN FOR SOME HELP!

THE FIRST PERSON HE SAW WAS HENDERSON, A LONDON JOURNALIST.

YOU SAW THAT SHOOTING STAR LAST NIGHT, DIDN'T YOU?

YES, WHY?

IT'S OUT NEAR THE SAND PIT NOW.

FALLEN METEORITE! THAT'S GOOD.

BUT IT'S SOMETHING MORE THAN A METEORITE. IT'S A CYLINDER--AN ARTIFICIAL CYLINDER AND THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE!

THEY FOUND THE CYLINDER LYING IN THE SAME POSITION AS BEFORE.

THE TOP IS STILL UNSCREWING, AND AIR IS EITHER ENTERING OR ESCAPING AT THE RIM.

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO RIGHT NOW. I'LL GO TO TOWN FOR MORE HELP.

AND I'LL TELEGRAPH THE NEWS TO LONDON.

THE NEWS ABOUT THE FALLEN CYLINDER SPREAD RAPIDLY WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE SAND PIT THAT EVENING. I FOUND TWO OR THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE FIGHTING FOR THE BEST VIEW.

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THERE MUST BE LIFE INSIDE. THE END OF THE CYLINDER IS BEING SCREWED OUT FROM WITHIN.

LOOK! IT'S OUT!

I WATCHED AS SOMETHING STIRRED WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE OPENING. THEN SOMETHING RESEMBLING A GRAY SNAKE COILED UP AND WRIGGLED IN THE AIR TOWARD ME.

I STOOD PETRIFIED AS MORE OF THE TENTACLES EMERGED



A BIG, GRAYISH, ROUNDED BULK WAS RISING SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY OUT OF THE CYLINDER



IN A MOMENT, THE MONSTER TOPPLED OVER THE BRIM AND FELL INTO THE PIT WITH A THUD LIKE THE FALL OF A GREAT MASS OF LEATHER. THEN ANOTHER MONSTER APPEARED AT THE OPENING



I RAN MADLY FOR THE FIRST GROUP OF TREES I SAW. THEN I TURNED AND WATCHED



A LEASH OF THIN BLACK WHIPS, LIKE THE ARMS OF AN OCTOPUS, FLASHED ACROSS THE SUNSET, AND WAS IMMEDIATELY WITHDRAWN



THEN A THIN ROD ROSE UP JOINT BY JOINT, BEARING AT ITS TOP A CIRCULAR DISC



THERE BEING NO FURTHER MOVEMENTS FROM THE PIT, HORROR GAVE WAY TO AN UNCONTROLLED CURIOSITY AND I BEGAN MOVING CLOSER



SUDDENLY, FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION, I SAW A SMALL GROUP OF MEN ADVANCING, THE FOREMOST OF WHOM WAS WAVING A WHITE FLAG



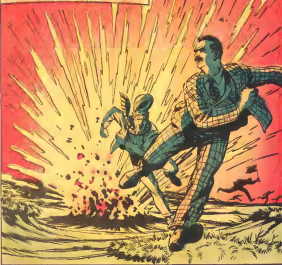
THERE HAD BEEN A HASTY CONSULTATION AND IT HAD BEEN RESOLVED TO TRY SOME FORM OF COMMUNICATION WITH THE MARTIANS.



THERE WAS A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHT FROM THE PIT, ACCOMPANIED BY A FAINT HISsing SOUND. THEN A HUMPED SHAPE ROSE OUT OF THE PIT, AND THE GHOST OF A BEAM OF LIGHT SEEMED TO FLICKER OUT FROM IT.



BLINDING FLASHES OF LIGHT STRUCK AT THE PEOPLE AND THE SURROUNDING LANDSCAPE.



ALL ALONG A CURVING LINE BEYOND THE SAND PIT, THE DARK GROUND SMOOKED AND CRACKLED.



THE HEAT RAY PASSED AND SPARED ME, AND LEFT THE NIGHT ABOUT ME SUDDENLY DARK AND UNFAMILIAR.



WITH AN EFFORT I TURNED AND RAN THROUGH THE HEATHER.



I LEFT BEHIND NEARLY FORTY BODIES UNDER THE STARLIGHT ABOUT THE PIT. AMONG THEM WERE OSBLY, THE ASTRONOMER AND MENDERSON, THE JOURNALIST.



EXHAUSTED BY THE VIOLENCE OF MY EMOTION AND OF MY FLIGHT, I STAGGERED AND FELL BY THE WAYSIDE



AFTER A WHILE, I ROSE AND STUMBLED TOWARD HOME



IN THE DISTANCE, A TRAIN WENT FLYING SOUTH. IT WAS SO REAL, AND SO FAMILIAR, BUT WHAT OF THE SWIFT DEATH NOT TWO MILES AWAY?



I STOPPED A GROUP OF PEOPLE

WHAT NEWS FROM THE SAND PIT?



WEREN'T YOU THERE?

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?



HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF THE MEN FROM MARS? THE CREATURES FROM MARS?



QUITE ENOUGH, THANKS



I FELT FOOLISH AND ANGRY. I TRIED AND FOUND I COULD NOT TELL THEM WHAT I HAD SEEN. THEY ALL LAUGHED AT MY BROKEN SENTENCES



ARRIVING HOME, I TOLD MY WIFE WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

THERE IS ONE THING THEY MAY KEEP THE PIT AND KILL THE PEOPLE WHO COME NEAR THEM, BUT THEY CANNOT GET OUT OF IT



ARE YOU SURE?

ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH, THE FORCE OF GRAVITY IS THREE TIMES WHAT IT IS ON THE SURFACE OF MARS



A MARTIAN, THEREFORE, WEIGHS THREE TIMES MORE HERE THAN HE DOES ON MARS, ALTHOUGH HIS MUSCULAR STRENGTH STAYS THE SAME. WHY, THEY CAN HARDLY MOVE!



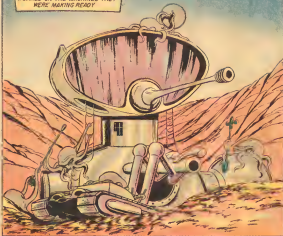
THEY HAVE DONE A FOOLISH THING. THEY ARE DANGEROUS, BECAUSE, NO DOUBT, THEY ARE MAD WITH TERROR. A SHELL FIRED INTO THE PIT, IF WORST COMES TO WORST, WILL KILL THEM ALL.



BUT, GROWING UP WITH WINE AND GOOD FOOD, I OVERLOOKED ONE THING.



THE MARTIANS POSSESSED SUCH MECHANICAL INTELLIGENCE THAT THEY WERE ABLE TO OVERCOME THE PROBLEM OF GRAVITY. BACK AT THE SAND PIT, THEY WORKED ON THE MACHINES THEY WERE MAKING READY.



AT ABOUT ELEVEN THAT NIGHT, TWO COMPANIES OF SOLDIERS ARRIVED AND FORMED A CORDON AROUND THE PIT.



A FEW SECONDS AFTER MIDNIGHT, A SECOND CYLINDER FELL.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE MILKMAN TOLD ME THE LATEST NEWS.

OUR TROOPS SURROUNDED THEM DURING THE NIGHT, BUT THEY AIN'T TO BE KILLED IF THAT CAN BE AVOIDED.



IT WOULD BE GOOD IF WE COULD TAKE THEM ALIVE. WE COULD FIND OUT HOW THEY LIVE ON ANOTHER PLANET. WE MIGHT EVEN LEARN A THING OR TWO.

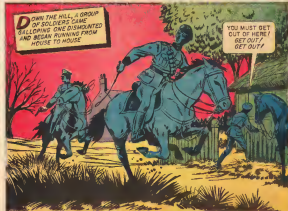
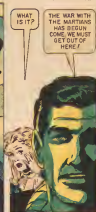


IS ANYTHING ELSE KNOWN?

WELL, THEY SAY THERE'S ANOTHER OF THOSE BLESSED THINGS FALLEN THERE, BUT ONE'S ENOUGH, SURELY.







I BORROWED A HORSE AND A CART AND, WITH SOME OF OUR BELONGINGS TIED ON THE BACK, WE WENT SPARKING DOWN THE ROAD TO LEATHERHEAD



AHEAD OF US WAS A QUIET LANDSCAPE



I TURNED MY HEAD TO LOOK AT THE RUINS WE WERE LEAVING



THE MARTIANS WERE SETTING FIRE TO EVERYTHING WITHIN RANGE OF THEIR HEAT RAY



WE ARRIVED AT LEATHERHEAD WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT



I HAD PROMISED TO RETURN THE CART THREE FIVE, AFTER SOME REST, I COMMANDED MY WIFE TO HER COUSINS' CARE AND MADE READY TO RETURN



THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND A STORM THREATENED



AN HOUR LATER, I HEARD MIDNIGHT PEALING FROM A CHURCH BEHIND ME



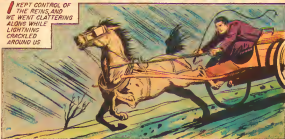
SUDDENLY THE CLOUDS WERE PIERCED BY A THREAD OF GREEN FIRE WHICH FELL INTO THE FIELD ON MY LEFT - IT WAS A THIRD CYLINDER



THEN CAME A CRASH OF THUNDER, AND THE HORSE TOOK THE BIT BETWEEN HIS TEETH AND BOLTED



I KEPT CONTROL OF THE REINS, AND WE WENT CLATTERING ALONG WHILE LIGHTNING CRACKLED AROUND US



A THICK RAIN SMOTE GUSTILY AT MY FACE AS I DROVE



SOON, MY ATTENTION WAS ARRESTED BY SOMETHING THAT WAS MOVING RAPIDLY DOWN THE OPPOSITE SLOPE



IT WAS A MONSTROUS TRIPPO, A WALKING ENGINE OF GLITTERING METAL, STRIDING TOWARD THE HEATHER, SMASHING ASIDE THE FINE TREES IN ITS PATH



WHEN THE TREES AHEAD OF ME WERE SWAPPED OFF, AND ANOTHER MONSTROUS MACHINE APPEARED, RUSHING, AS IT SEEMED, HEADLONG TOWARD ME.



I WRENCHED THE HORSE'S HEAD TO THE RIGHT, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE CART HAD REELED OVER.



I WAS FLUNG SIDEWAYS AND FELL HEAVILY INTO A SHALLOW POOL OF WATER.



I CRAWLED OUT AND CROUCHED UNDER SOME TALL GRASS. IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE COLOSSAL MECHANISM REENT STRIDING BY ME, AND PASSED UPHILL.



THE MONSTER JOINED ITS COMPANION HALF A MILE AWAY. THEY BOTH STOOPED OVER SOMETHING IN THE FIELD, WHICH I SUSPECTED WAS THE THIRD CYLINDER I HAD JUST SEEN FALL.



I MANAGED TO ELUDE THE MONSTERS, AND ARRIVED EXHAUSTED AT MY HOME.



I ATE SOME FOOD AND CHANGED MY CLOTHES. THEN I WENT TO MY STUDY AND STARED OUT OF THE WINDOW.



**I** WAS NOW ABLE TO THINK CLEARLY. I CONCLUDED THAT THE MONSTROUS MECHANISMS WERE FIGHTING MACHINES, CONTROLLED BY MARTIANS IN THE HEADS.



**I** COMPARED THE THINGS TO HUMAN MACHINES. THEN I ASKED MYSELF HOW A STEAM ENGINE MUST SEEM TO AN INTELLIGENT LOWER ANIMAL.



**S**UDDENLY, I HEARD A SOUND BELOW THE WINDOW.

IF YOU'RE TRYING TO HIDE, YOU CAN COME INTO THE HOUSE.



YOU'RE A SOLDIER, AREN'T YOU? WHAT HAPPENED?

THEY WIPE US OUT -- SIMPLY WIPE US OUT.



I CAME INTO ACTION ABOUT SEVEN WHEN I GOT THERE, THE MARTIANS HAD ALREADY MADE A FIGHTING MACHINE.



**A**S OUR GUNNERS GOT READY FOR ACTION, THE FIGHTING MACHINE RAISED ITS HEAT RAY.



THE NEXT MOMENT, DUN BIG GUN  
EXPLODED, THE AMMUNITION  
BLEW UP, AND THERE WAS FIRE AND  
DEATH ALL AROUND ME



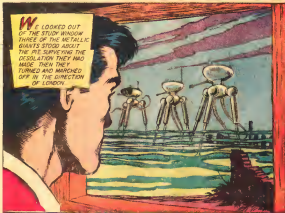
I LAY STILL, SCARED OUT OF MY WITS MOST OF THE COMPANY HAD BEEN WIRED OUT AROUND ME.



I LAY THERE FOR A LONG TIME. NOW I MANAGED TO EVADE THE MARTIANS, I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HOW I GOT HERE.



WE LOOKED OUT OF THE STUDY WINDOW. THREE OF THE METALLIC GIANTS STOOD ABOUT THE P.E. SURVEILLING THE DESOLATION THEY HAD MADE. THEN THEY TURNED AND MARCHED OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF LONDON.



MY YOUNGER BROTHER WAS IN LONDON WHEN THE CYLINDERS LANDED ON THE EARTH. HE LATER TOLD ME WHAT HAPPENED IN THAT GREAT CITY WHEN THE MARTIANS CAME.



EVERYONE WAS INTENSELY INTERESTED IN NEWS OF THE MARTIANS, BUT THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF ANY UNUSUAL EXCITEMENT.



MY BROTHER WENT TO BED A LITTLE AFTER MIDNIGHT. THEN, IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING, HE WAS AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF



**I**N A FEW MINUTES, LONDON BECAME A CITY OF DESPAIR AND CONFUSION—A THERE WAS A STAMPEDE—A STAMPEDE GIGANTIC AND TERRIBLE— WITHOUT ORDER AND WITHOUT A GOAL IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE MASSACRE OF CIVILIZATION, OF THE MASSACRE OF MANKIND



**M**Y BROTHER HEADED FOR THE COAST THERE HE BOARDED A STEAMBOAT WITH THE IDEA OF ESCAPING TO FRANCE.



**A**S THE BOAT LEFT THE SHORE, A MARTIAN SUDDENLY APPEARED, SMALL AND FAINT IN THE DISTANCE.



**I**T WAS THE FIRST MARTIAN MY BROTHER HAD SEEN, AND HE STOOD MORE ANIMATED THAN TERRIFIED, WATCHING THE MONSTER ADVANCE DELIBERATELY TOWARD THE BOAT.



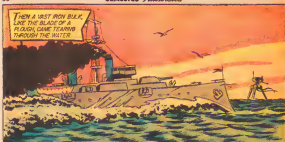
**T**HE CAPTAIN FRANTICALLY CALLED FOR MORE SPEED.



**I**N SPITE OF THE THRIBBING EXERTIONS OF THE ENGINES, THE BOAT MADE SCANT PROGRESS AGAINST THE OMNISCIOUS ADVANCE.





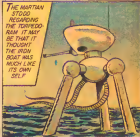


IT WAS A TORPEDO-RAM\* STEAMING TO THE RESCUE OF THE THREATENED STEAMBOAT.



\*An old type of boat, which carried a torpedo in its bow.

THE MARTIAN STOOD REGARDING THE TORPEDO-RAM. IT MAY BE THAT IT THOUGHT THE IRON BOAT WAS MUCH LIKE ITS OWN SELF.



AS IT CLOSED IN, THE TORPEDO-RAM FIRED AT THE MARTIAN.



AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE MARTIAN RAISED ITS HEAT RAY AND AIMED IT DIRECTLY AT THE TORPEDO-RAM.



WHILE THE BRIEF BATTLE LASTED, THE STEAMSHIP BEAT ITS WAY SEAWARD



THE LAST THING MY BROTHER SAW IN THE DISTANCE WAS THE FIGHTING MACHINE EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE OF ITS VICTIM



THEN THE CAPTAIN POINTED TO THE HEAVENS



IT WAS A FOURTH CYLINDER



WHEN THE FOURTH CYLINDER FELL, I WAS IN THE KITCHEN OF A DESERTED HOUSE. THE SOLDIER AND I HAD ALREADY PARTED. HE HAD GONE OFF TO TRY TO FIND THE REMAINS OF HIS COMPANY, AND I WAS HEADING TOWARD LEATHERHEAD TO FIND MY WIFE



WHILE MAKING MY WAY THROUGH THE RUINS, I HAD MET A COUSIN

THESE HORRIBLE CREATURES ARE EVERYWHERE. THE EARTH HAS BEEN GIVEN OVER TO THEM

YOU MUST KEEP YOUR HEAD. THERE IS STILL HOPE



I HAVE HAD NOTHING TO DRINK SINCE YESTERDAY. I AM TERRIBLY THIRSTY.

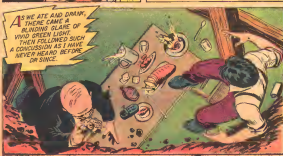
PERHAPS WE CAN FIND SOMETHING IN ONE OF THESE DESERTED HOUSES.



THE FIRST HOUSE WE ENTERED HAD A WELL-STOCKED PANTRY



AS WE ATE AND DRANK, THERE CAME A BLINDING GLAZE OF VIVID GREEN LIGHT. THEN FOLLOWED SUCH A CONCUSSION AS I HAVE NEVER HEARD BEFORE OR SINCE.



**T**RAPPED IN THE DARKENED ROOM, WE WAITED IN SILENCE UNTIL, THEN, THROUGH A BREAK IN THE WALL, I SAW A MARTIAN STANDING SENTINEL OVER A NEWLY FALLEN CYLINDER



IT'S A CYLINDER! A FOURTH CYLINDER FROM MARS HAS STRUCK THIS HOUSE AND BURIED US UNDER THE RUNS!

GOD HAVE MERCY UPON US!



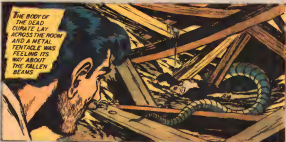
**W**E REMAINED IN THE WRECKED KITCHEN, LIVING ON OUR STORE OF FOOD AND DREADING EACH MOMENT AS IT CAME



**O**N THE NINTH DAY OF OUR IMPRISONMENT, I WAS AWAKENED OUT OF AN UNEASY SLEEP BY A PIERCING SHRIEK AND A HEAVY THUD.



THE BODY OF THE DEAD CURATE LAY ACROSS THE ROOM AND A METAL TENTACLE WAS FELLING ITS WAY ABOUT THE FALLEN BEAMS



**S**OMEHOW, I MADE MY WAY ACROSS THE KITCHEN AND INTO THE COAL CELLAR. I CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND ME. THEN, SLOWLY, THE KNOB STARTED TURNING



THE DOOR OPENED AND THE THING FELT ITS WAY AROUND IT TOUCHED THE HEEL OF MY SHOE



**I** WAS ON THE VERGE OF SCREAMING IT BIT MY HAND



**T**HEN IT DROPPED A LUMP OF COAL AND MOVED OUT OF THE ROOM PROBABLY TO EXAMINE IT MORE CLOSELY



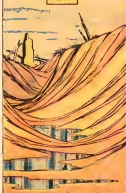
**I** LAY THE WHOLE DAY AMONG THE COAL AND FIRE WOOD, NOT DARING TO MOVE. THEN THIRST OVERCAME ME AND I CRAWLED OUT TO THE KITCHEN



IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE I DARED LOOK OUT THROUGH THE BREACH IN THE WALL



I COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE MY EYES THERE WAS NOT A LIVING THING IN THE PIT.



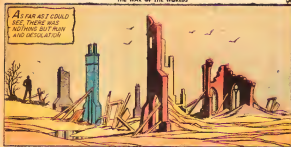
I TORE OPEN THE WALL AND SCRAMBLED TO THE TOP OF THE MOUND IN WHICH I HAD BEEN BURIED.



THE DAY SEEMED DAZZLINGLY BRIGHT, THE SKY A GLOWING BLUE AND OH! THE SWEETNESS OF THE AIR!



AS FAR AS I COULD SEE, THERE WAS NOTHING BUT RUIN AND DESOLATION.



AT THAT MOMENT, I FELT AN EMOTION BEYOND THE COMMON RANGE OF MEN, YET ONE THAT THE POOR BRUTES WE DOMINATE KNOW ONLY TOO WELL.



I FELT AS A RABBIT MIGHT, RETURNING TO ITS BURROW AND FINDING A DOZEN BUSY MEN DIGGING THE FOUNDATIONS OF A HOUSE.



I FELT THAT I WAS NO LONGER A MASTER, BUT AN ANIMAL AMONG ANIMALS, UNDER THE MARTIAN HEEL.



WITH US IT WOULD BE AS WITH THEM, TO LURK AND WATCH, TO RUN AND HIDE. THE EMPIRE OF MAN HAD PASSED AWAY.



I LEFT THE PIT AND STUMBLED ALONG THE ROAD UNTIL I FOUND A GROUP OF MUSHROOMS AND A THIN STREAM OF FRESH WATER.



I SLEPT THAT NIGHT IN AN ABANDONED INN.



AT DAWN, I CREEPT OUT OF THE INN



I WAS LIKE A RAT LEAVING ITS HIDING PLACE—AN INFERIOR ANIMAL, A THING THAT FOR ANY PASSING WHOM OF ITS MASTERS MIGHT BE HUNTED AND KILLED



DOWN THE ROAD, I FOUND PITIFUL SIGNS OF THE PANIC THAT HAD GRIPPED THE COUNTRYSIDE WHEN THE MARTIANS CAME



I WONDERED IF I WERE THE ONLY MAN LEFT ALIVE. THEN I SAW SOMETHING CROUCHING BEHIND SOME BUSHES



IT WAS A MAN AS DUSTY AND FILTHY AND MISERABLE AS I



WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

MY HOME WAS NEAR THE SAND PIT WHERE THE FIRST CYLINDER FELL



I HAVE BEEN BURIED BENEATH THE RUINS OF THE FOURTH CYLINDER. I WANT TO GO TO LEATHERHEAD TO SEE IF MY WIFE IS STILL ALIVE



IT'S YOU AGAIN?



AND YOU ARE THE SOLDIER WHO CAME INTO MY GARDEN? TELL ME, WHAT HAS HAPPENED? WHERE ARE THE MARTIANS?



THEY'VE GONE AWAY ACROSS LONDON. I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY ABOUT FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS.

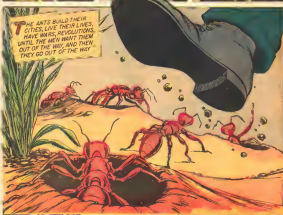
I WONDER WHAT THEY MEAN TO DO.

THEY'RE PROBABLY PLANNING SOME WAY OF GOING AROUND THE WORLD, AND THEN IT'S SURELY UP WITH HUMINITY WERE DOWN. I TELL YOU, WE'RE BEAT.

THIS ISN'T A WAR. IT NEVER WAS A WAR, ANY MORE THAN THERE'S WAR BETWEEN MEN AND ANTS.



THE ANTS BUILD THEIR CITIES, LIVE THEIR LIVES, HAVE WARS, REVOLUTIONS, UNTIL THE MEN WANT THEM OUT OF THE WAY, AND THEN THEY GO OUT OF THE WAY.



I WONDER WHAT THE MARTIANS WILL DO TO US.

FIRST, THEY'LL SETTLE ALL OUR GUNS AND SHIPS AND SMASH OUR RAILWAYS.

THEN THEY'LL BEGIN CATCHING US, PICKING THE BEST AND STORING US IN CAGES AND THINGS.

VERY LIKELY THESE MARTIANS WILL MAKE PEES OF SOME OF US, TRAIN US TO DO TRICKS.



AND SOME, MAYBE, THEY'LL TRAIN TO HUNT US.





AS I WALKED DOWN THE ROAD TO LONDON, ALL ABOUT ME WAS A TERRIBLE STILLNESS.



I WAS ALREADY IN THE CITY WHEN I HEARD A WEIRD HOWLING SOUND.



I WONDERED AT THIS STRANGE, REMOTE, WILLING.



I HEADED NORTHWARD, HOPING TO LOCATE THESE WEIRD SOUNDS.



T DO EXHAUSTED TO CONTINUE, I BROKE INTO A PUBLIC HOUSE AND FELL ASLEEP.



WHEN I AWOK, I ATE SOME MOLLY BISCUITS I FOUND, AND THEN RESUMED MY WANDERING.



AS I WALKED ABOUT, THE HOWLING SUDDENLY CEASED. FAR AWAY, I SAW THE HOOD OF THE MARTIN GUNTS WHICH HAD BEEN THE SOURCE OF THIS STRANGE SOUND.



I RAN RECKLESSLY TOWARD THE MONSTER THEN I CAME UPON A SCENE I WILL NEVER FORGET



THE MARTIANS WERE DEAD EVENTUALLY, I REALIZED THEY HAD BEEN SLAIN BY THE HUMBLEST THINGS THAT GOD, IN HIS WISDOM, HAD PUT UPON THIS EARTH



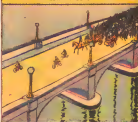
THE MARTIANS HAD BEEN SLAIN BY DISEASE BACTERIA AGAINST WHICH THEIR SYSTEMS WERE TOTALLY UNPREPARED. THERE ARE NO BACTERIA ON MARS, AND AS SOON AS THE INVADERS ARRIVED ON EARTH, OUR MICROSCOPIC ALLIES BEGAN TO WORK THEIR OVERTHROW. MAN HAS DEVELOPED AN IMMUNITY TO THESE GERMS. BY THE TOLL OF A BILLION DEATHS, HE HAS BOUGHT HIS BIRTHRIGHT TO THE EARTH FOR MEN NEITHER LIVE NOR DIE IN VAIN



I STOOD IN THE PIT, WEeping AND PRaising GOD



THE NEWS OF THE OVERTHROW OF THE MARTIANS WAS SOON TELEGRAPHED AROUND THE WORLD. THE PEOPLE, BEARING THEIR BELONGINGS, CAME TRUDGING BACK INTO THE SILENT STREETS



FOR HOURS I STOOD SCANNING THE ENDLESS NUMBER OF FACES THAT PASSED BY ME THEN I HEARD MY NAME CALLED



MY PRAYERS HAD BEEN ANSWERED I HAD FOUND MY WIFE



IT MAY BE THAT THE INVASION FROM MARS WAS NOT WITHOUT BENEFIT. WE HAVE LEARNED NOW THAT WE CANNOT REGARD THIS PLANET AS BEING FENCED IN AND A SECURE ABYSSING PLACE FOR MAN. AND WE HAVE LEARNED THAT, FACED WITH A COMMON DANGER OR CAUSE, ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS



THE END

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